

I^o Lm 23.6



Rec. Sept. 8,
1845.

Maximilianus, Ernestus.

See

L 80. 11. 1799. 26. 1799. Poetae latini minores, cum
Vindobonae, 1798.

1798. 11. 1799. Poetae latini minores, cum
1798. 11. 1799.

Transl. N. 169
Eg. THE *Sylvester*
Impotent Lover,

Accurately described in

SIX ELEGIES

U P O N

Old Age;

W I T H

The Old Doting *Letcher's* Resentments
on the past Pleasures and vigorous
Performances of *Youth.*

Maximianus.

Made English from the Latin of

Cn. Cornelius Gallus.

By H. Walker, Gent.

Quod natura negat, reddere nemo potest.

L O N D O N,

Printed for B. Crayle at the Peacock and Bible at the
West end of St. Paul's Church. 1689.

I° Lm 23. 6. ★

The Sil. is a friend
Rec. Sept. 8. 1845.

To the Right Honourable
Sir *ROBERT RIDGEWAY*,
B A R O N E T;
E A R L of L O N D O N - D E R R Y,
A N D
B A R O N of G A L L E N - R I D G E W A Y, &c.

My LORD,

W *Hile these Elegies of Cornelius Gallus remain'd in their native dress, they were thereby secur'd from the Censures of all, as well the Learned, as Unlearned: from these, because they could not either read or understand them; and from the others, because they acquiesc'd in the Reputation which the Author had amongst*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the greatest of the Roman Wits. But since they are habited in the English Tongue, nor, 'tis likely, now so well adapted to every Mode of Expression in that Language, as they might have been by another Hand, I have presum'd to shelter them under Your Lordship's Name for Protection; and this I am encourag'd to from the sence I have of the many undeserved Favours Your Lorship (when applied to) affords to any Distress; for such is every one, who in this Age adventures to write, by opposing himself thereby to the usual Assaults, at least, of the most rigid and the severest Criticks. But if this first Essay of mine in this Nature may at any time be thought worthy to entertain some few of Your Lordship's leisure

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sure Hours, and pass Your reading with any Approbation, I have my utmost end, and shall be altogether regardless of the ineffectual Criticisms of others, relying on Your Lordship's Judgment only, as a sufficient Defence for me against all the expected Machinations of the Wits, who, perhaps, may think it an Invasion upon the Particular Privilege of their Society, for any to write, who have not yet had the Fortune to be admitted amongst 'em.

And now, My Lord, were my Talent in Panegyrick, equivolent to what Your Worth requires, I should here take notice of (with all the advantageous Rhetorick they merit) Your Lordship's many noble Qualifications, and how well your Mind is proportion'd to the Cha-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rafter you bear in the World, and that Your Lordship does not only inherit the Honours, but the Vertues of Your ancient Family, which are seldomer transmitted to Posterity from Ancestors then Estates. But since such a design in me would rather serve to injure then illustrate Your Lordship's Fame, I believe it more my Duty to be silent, then offend by the ill management of so great a Task. And shall therefore only now beg Your Lordship's pardon for coveting to my self the Honour of subscribing me,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most oblieged, and
most devoted humble Servant,

H. WALKER.

The P R E F A C E.

I Design not in this *Preface* either to undertake a Defence for my self against the Criticks, or by any Insinuations to recommend my own endeavours to the World as valuable: Since none, no, not the best Authors could ever advantage themselves by Attempts of that Nature, nor did the worst ever want some to esteem and read their Writings. Thus the Great *Dryden* cannot escape Censure; nor is *Withers* himself without his Admirers. And therefore prepared by such Considerations, I am fortified against whatever Fate may happen to these following Verses; most of which (for *Præstat otiosum esse quàm nihil agere*) were the Effects of my idle hours at Sea, and the rest have been (for want of better) the imployment of some of my vacant time a Shoar.

If any shall think the fifth *Elegy* too loose, and for that reason be ready to reflect upon me, let them take that for my Apology which *Martial* makes in his own behalf to *Cæsar*, in one of his Epigrams:

The Preface.

*Innocuos Censura potest permittere Lusus
Lascivia est nobis Pagina, Vita proba est.*

But if that will not serve; and the squeamish and nice will be offended, let them be angry with the Author, who in the Original takes greater liberty to himself in his Words then I have done in the Translation. And besides, I shall desire they would regard these *Elegies*, as they are design'd to expose the sordid & inexcusable vices of lascivious old Men, in whom Lust is more odious then in the Young; for they being heated with the impetuous sallies of their youthfull blood, are less culpable then those who have appetites, when Nature has scarce left them Health, or the pleasure of Taste. And *Juvenal* himself, when he lashes (in his tenth Satyr, the unreasonable Follies of those who wish to live to a great Age) lays no restraint upon his expressions. And that Satyr has been made publick in *English* more then once by several Hands. However I believe the Authority of the Author, *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *Horace* himself, and all the *Epigrammatists* may be enough

The Preface.

nough to defend what I have done. And if not, sure the Examples of the Poets of our own Nation and Times will: For, can I name one scarce, who has not either upon the Stage represented, or otherwise writ, what is full as much, if not more licentious then any thing in this Book?

————— *Pictoribus, atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua Potestas.*

And we see daily in Pictures those Parts of the Body lay'd open to the view, which are else conceal'd: And therefore Poetry, which is a speaking sort of Painting, spares not (when occasion offers) to give the liveliest Representations of Nature or Vice; And this has been so customary in all Ages, that none will, sure, refuse the same privilege to those who write now.

I doubt not, but to stand excused before the Ladies, because the Famous Wits of that fair Sex have seldom deny'd their Pens the liberty to be as luxurious in this way of writing as the Men, nor have they thought it either injurious, or scandalous to them, to publish many things as lascivious as this. Nor indeed, though
they

The Preface.

they ought to be so in their lives and conversations, it is not so very necessary that Poets should be reserv'd and chaste in their Verses : and this is the Opinion of *Catullus*.

*Nam Castum esse decet pium Poetam
Ipsam, Versiculos nihil necesse est.*

For the Business of a Poet is either on the one hand to incite Men to Vertue, and to do this by rendering it amiable with the most sutable Descriptions, and most elegant and heighthen'd Praises; or else, on the other hand, to deter them from Vice, and then he must not scruple to paint it in the most deform'd shape, or fear to shew it in the worst colours, to all the disadvantage imaginable. Now if these Arguments will not content some, who think it an Excellence to be too precisely rigid, I shall repeat to them the same words which *Martial* uses in his Epistle before the 1st Book of his Epigrams, *Si quis tamen tam ambitiosè tristis est, ut apud illum in nullâ paginâ Latinè* (or to adapt it more to the present purpose) *Anglicè loqui fas sit, potest Epistolâ, vel potius Titulo contentus esse.* And so farewell.

THE
L I F E
O F

CN. CORNELIUS GALLUS.

C N. Cornelius Gallus was thought to have been Born about that same Year, when M. Terentius Varro (one of the most learned Romans) dyed, he is supposed, as to his Country, to be a Forojuliensian, and to have been instructed in the most necessary and usefull Arts, for he was a long time familiarly conversant with one Cæcilius Epirata, the great Grammarian of his time. Yet who his Father was, remains unknown, nor is that, with his own Name, transmitted to Posterity; only 'tis generally held, that he was born to a very small Estate, though (not unlikely) of a Noble Family, as Propertius seems to imply.

Nec tibi Nobilitas poterit succurrere amanti,
Nescit Amor priscis cedere Imaginibus.

He

The L I F E of

He was highly favour'd and esteem'd of Augustus Cæsar, (to whom his great Parts and Wit recommended him) insomuch that he exalted him to very great Dignities, gave him the Governmnet of Ægypt, and he was the first that ever ruled that Kingdom after it was reduced to a Roman Province: Cæsar, before he sent him to Ægypt, delighted so much in his Company and Conversation, that he never went any where without him; and this gave occasion to Virgil in his second Eclogue to lament himself, because Gallus being so much taken up with Cæsar, could not afford him that full enjoyment he desired of his more familiar Friendship.

Delicias Domini nec quid speraret habebat.

The thing he so much coveted and wish'd for.

O tantum libeat mecum tibi fordida Rura

Atque humiles habitare Casas ———

For Gallus finding the Honours and Preferments he receiv'd from Cæsar more sutable to his Ambition then the humble Pleasures of a Country Life, could not be invited to quit the Splendour of the Roman Court, to take up with the more secure satisfaction of a Rural Retirement, though Virgil
endea-

CORNELIUS GALLUS.

endeavour'd to draw him to it by all the encouragements and advantages he propos'd would accrue to him thereby; and in Despair of success, considering how disproportion'd his offers were to the immediate favours he receiv'd from Augustus, cries out at last,

Rusticus es Coridon, nec Munera curat Alexis,
Nec, si Muneribus certes, concedat Jolas.

Virgil, out of the great Friendship he had for Gallus, in Honour to him, had writ half the fourth Book of his Georgicks, which Cæsar (after his disgrace) commanded him to alter, and he turn'd it to the Fable of Aristæus. But all the Poets that were his Cotemporaries had a very high value for him, unless some Criticks, who say that Horace was his Adversary, have happened to be in the right. However, such were his qualifications, that Propertius could admire him, though he was his Rival in Cynthia, as he says in an Elegy writ upon that particular occasion.

Sed pariter miseri focio cogemur amore,
Alter in alterius mutua flere sinu;
Quare, quid possit mea Cynthia, desine, Galle,
Quærere, non impunè illa rogata venit.

Gallus

The L I F E of

Gallus was of a gay amorous temper, very fickle and changeable, as Propertius in another place tells him,

Dum tibi deceptis augetur Fama Puellis,
Certus, & in nullo quæris Amore moram.

But he was also very passionate, and impatient of any unkind usage from those Women to whom he at any time addressed his Love, and them would often come with his Complaints to Propertius,

Ah mea contemptus quoties ad lumina cures,
Quum tibi singulta fortia verba cadunt!

Yet at last he grew famous for the mighty love he had for one Cytharis, a free'd Woman of Volu-mina's, and a Whore, who forsook him (perhaps after he fell into disgrace,) and went away with one Antony to France; and it is not unlikely that Propertius means her, when he says,

Hæc erit illarum contempti pœna doloris,
Multarum miseras exigit una vices;
Hæc tibi vulgares istos compescet amores,
Nec nova quærendo, semper amicus eris.

And a little after that he describes so extravagant a Passion of Gallus, to which he was an eye-witness, that it may be very reasonable to believe

CORNELIUS GALLUS.

*in all that Elegy the Woman of whom he speaks
to be Cytharis.*

Vidi ego te tot vinctum languescere collo,
Et flere injectis Galle diu manibus,
Et cupere optatis animam deponere verbis,
Et quæ deinde celat amice Pudor.
Non ego complexus potui deducere vestros ;
Tantus erat demens inter utrusque furor.

However Gallus no more then others could be perfectly happy ; and though he had been the great and only Favourite of Augustus Cæsar, yet after he was gone to Ægypt, those who envyd him, gain'd their ends, and brought him more into Disgrace, and lower under the Emperour's Displeasure, then he was ever before rais'd in his Esteem. Whether he really deserv'd the mighty Misfortune that fell so heavy upon him, may be a question, since not always who merit best of Fortune are best used by her ; and after Cæsar was offended with him, he suffer'd none of his other Friends to venture at his justification, so fatal and dangerous is the Anger of an intraged Monarch ; yet Virgil even then adventured to mourn his hard fate in his tenth Eclogue ; and still lov'd him, though more secretly.

Gallo

The L I F E of.

Gallo cujus amor tantum mihi crescit in horas,
Quantum vere novo viridis se subjicit alnus.

And though he design'd the Dedication to him of his Books of Bucolicks, and his Books of Georgicks, yet he afterwards durst not do it for fear of Cæsar, and therefore they fell to Pollio and Mæcenas.

Prætera duo nec tuta mihi valle reperti
Capreoli _____
_____ Quos tibi servo.

The things that were alledged against him was his having been in a Plot against Cæsar, and that he had ruin'd a City in Ægypt called Thebes, and several other Imputations. Ovid seems to imply, as if the freedom he used with his tongue, when heated with Wine, might be the reason of his losing Cæsar's favour; for which he was banished, as some think.

Non fuit opprobrio celetrasse Lycorida Gallo,
Sed linguam nimio non teneisse mero.

Nor is it unlikely that Ovid himself, giving the same occasion in the same company, might have been partaker with him in equal sufferings.

How

CORNELIUS GALLUS.

How he dyed, is uncertain ; some think Cæsar caused him to be put to death ; others believe, that being banished, and his ambitious Soul not able to brook the Disgrace, or else apprehensive of the Malice of his Enemies amongst the Nobility, kill'd himself, as Ovid intimates.

Sanguis, atque animæ prodige Galle tuæ.

Others again believe his Mistriss Cytharis, whom he called Lycoris, forsaking him, he was more impatient of the loss of her than his Government, and for that reason kill'd himself ; and Virgil seems to lament him as having been a Victim to that unhappy Love of his.

*Quæ Nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere Puellæ
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret.*

Yet Propertius may give occasion to believe that he was slain in some Battel.

*Gallum per medios ereptum Cæsaris enses,
Effugere ignotas non potuisse manus.*

But probably from both these expressions one may naturally gather, that Cytharis, to appease the jealousy of her new Lover, was a contriver of his Death, and hired some to kill him : He was re-

(a)

puted

The L I F E of

puted an excellent Poet, and was particularly curious in Elegies ; in which way of writing he was not held to be inferiour to either Tibullus or Propertius. We have an account that he writ six Books of Elegies, of which, perhaps, these six Elegies only are preserv'd to us ; and he also translated one Euphorion a Chalcidonian Poet, which Virgil confirms.

Ibo & Chalcidico quæ sunt mihi condita versu,
Carmina Pastoris Siculi modulabor avena.

He writ four Books of his Love to Cytharis, who he called Lycoris, but none of them are left ; however Ovid takes notice of them, and numbers him amongst the Catalogue of the most Famous Poets of the World, particularly for that very Poem.

Gallus & Hesperiiis, & Gallus notus Eois,
Et sua cum Gallo, nota Lycoris erit.

And thus much of his Life ; and if I have done him that justice I aim'd at in this Translation, I believe the Reader will not think his time lost in perusing it ; and if I fail'd in it, I cannot help it now.

Farewell.

A Return of Thanks for the Translation of the following Elegies.

WE thank you for your Verse, and hope to see
From Age, & Impotence our Loves set free;
Whilst ancient Fops read here their certain shame,
They'll wiser grow, nor tempt again their Fame;
Renounce their Amber, and the sacred Trust.
They plac'd in Drugs, to prop their feeble Lust.

Read this you *Limberhams*, who with delay,
And puther, keep some abler Spark away;
Who use your Mistress Chamber as your home,
And set your Chariot up, where e'er you come:
Play-time, and Park-time, at the Door it stays,
You make no Visits, 'tis your Dwelling-place.
Here, you may see, how great a Wretch is one,
Who strives to please, when all his power is gone.

Who can endure to see a Gallant thrifty;
Old Ladies making Love, and Boys at fifty?
Let *Nestor* waste his Itch, in Tricks of State,
Or take it out, in rubbing of his Pate;
Nor when Desire grows impotently strong,
Beg some forbidden Sight, or luscious Song:
Let ev'ry one perform their proper Part;
Let Nature work, nor make it up with Art:
Let Youth make Love, ev'n Kisses call for Youth,
The palsy'd Head can never hit the Mouth.

To the Ingenious
TRANSLATOR
OF
CN. CORNELIUS GALLUS.

SAD Nightingales melodiously complain,
And pleasant Notes disclose their inward pain.
The ancient Swan (whom in his vigorous state,
Ev'n fancy'd Jove left Heav'n to imitate)
Viewing the Streams, where he was wont to play,
Warbles a Sigh, and sings his Life away.

Thus Gallus here the Dread of Grief destroys,
And sweetlier mourns, than others tell their Joys.
His Sorrows, Sir, are so well tun'd by You,
The Readers pitty, but they wonder too.
You snatch the Wretch from his depressing Fate,
And to the Envy of our Youth Translate.
Old Age n him do's no defects impart,
But seems best suited to the charming Art;
While gentle Maids, with his soft Witchcraft caught,
Are fully pleas'd in a performing Thought.

Virgil, methinks, doats on his Friend anew;
Of Cæsar once, but since more Proud of You.
In Fields below he beats his Reed again;
Despairs afresh, and fills the Elysian Plain,
With endless Pastorals of Gallus's Disdain.

*This ODE is thought to be writ by
CN. CORNELIUS GALLUS,
and in the Latin was added to the Six ensu-
ing Elegies ; Therefore it may not be very
much amiss to insert it here in English.*

I.

Fairest *Lydia*, my Delight,
More then *Milk*, and *Lillies* white ;
Whose mix't *Beauties* do exceed
The *Damask Roses*, and the *Red* ;
And seems more fair, and smooth to be,
Then *Goddeffes* of *Ivorie*.

II.

Thy *Locks*, thy shining *Locks* unfold,
Brighter far then burnish't *Gold*.
Thy panting *Breasts*, my Dear, unclofe,
Where *Love* delights to take *Repose* :
Of which, I would, to be posselt,
Give all the *Treasures* of the *East*.

CORN. GALLUS.

III.

Ope thy *Planet-Eyes*, my Dear,
For, oh, my *Fate* is written there ;
Thence *Love's* pointed *Arrows* fly,
Swift as *Stars* shot through the *Sky* ;
While above each *Brow* do's show,
Like a wanton *Cupid's* Bow.
Shew me, *Maid*, the blushing *Red*,
Which thy lovely *Cheeks* o'er-spread ;
Thy lovely *Cheeks*, which can out-vie
The most luxurious *Tyrian* die.

IV.

With warm and Am'rous fury joyn,
Thy softest Coral *Lips* to mine :
Give me *Kisses* like a *Dove*,
Full of *sweetness*, full of *Love*.
But, oh, the *Pleasure* is so great,
My *Soul* crowds up, the *Joy* to meet ;
And at my Mouth would force à way,
Nor longer in the *Body* stay :

My

An O D E.

My Heart is pierc'd with every *Kiss*,
I cannot bear the mighty *Bliss* ;
I pant, I languish, faint, and dye,
With the transporting *Ecstasy*.

V.

Gods ! what mighty *Power* is here ?
Thou drain'st my Veins of *Life*, my Dear.
Hide those *Beauties* from mine Eyes,
Eternal gazing won't suffice ;
That tempting fragrant *Bosom* close,
Sweeter then the sweetest *Rose* ;
More perfum'd, and richer far,
Then all th' *Arabian Spices* are.

VI.

From ev'ry part of *Thee* arise
Such Delights, as would surprise
Jove himself, were he to be
But so near as I to thee ;
And so revenge his *Semile*.

Hide,

CORN. GALLUS.

. VII.

Hide, oh, hide those Hills of *Snow*,
Which engage, and wound me so ;
Thy Beauty's *Luxury* is such,
I cannot gaze, I cannot touch ;
The *Pleasure* is too exquisite,
And I'm *glutted* with *Delight*.

VIII.

Oh cruel, and inhumane *Fair*,
Wilt thou then regard my *Care* ?
To see me languish, wilt thou stay ;
Or kill me more, and go away ?
Gods — but whither art thou flying ?
Wilt thou leave me now I'm *dying* ?
Oh, forsake, forsake me not,
Till I'm dead upon the spot.

(I)

ELEGIES
ON
Old Age.

ELEGY I.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Elegy, under the representation of an Old Man, the Poet seems to repine at Fate for imposing Life on him too long, and aggravates the Miseries of his Age, by giving a Character of himself, as he was when young, by the remembrance of those happy Days past ; after which he describes the several Diseases and inconvenienc es attending him now Old, concluding the Elegy with a reflection on the happiness of those who dye before their Age becomes a burthen to them.

Why, envious Age, do'st with a ling'ring stay,
My wasting Life to growing Pains betray,
And the kind Stroak of welcome Death delay ?

B

Why

Why wilt thou not inlarge my *Soul* to Ease,
 And the vext Pris'ner from his Jayl release?
 To me 'tis worst of Punishments to live,
 And *Death* alone a *peacefull Rest* can give.
 Cold and Disease inhabit me all o'er,
 And what I was in *Youth*, I'm now no more;
 A trembling Faintness loosens ev'ry Limb,
 And dizz'd *Vertigoes* through my Brains do swim;
Light, which to all the World do's Joy dispence,
 To me, unhappy Mourner, gives Offence;
 Ev'n *Mirth* but serves my *Sorrows* to inrage;
Mirth, which can Youthfull Griefs so well assuage,
 Becomes th' *Antiperistasis* of *Age*.
 But then to live of mere Necessity,
 And wish for Death, is worse than 'tis to dye.

While gracefull *Youth* remain'd, & vig'rous *sence*,
 The wond'ring *World* prais'd my fam'd *Eloquence*,
 Oft with Success *Poetick Lyes* I feign'd,
 And sure Renown by pleasant Fictions gain'd:

Oft

Oft the contended *Lawrel* was my own,
And the rich *Bays* around my Temples shone.

But all these Pleasures, all these Joys are past,
And a dead Numbness all my Vitals wast.
Ah ! what an uncouth part of *Life* remains
To *Aged Men*, fill'd with Disease, and Pains.
But *Nature* to my Youth excessive kind,
With all these Gifts a gracefull *Beauty* joyn'd.
Beauty, which of it self has Power to move,
And claim from Men *Respect*, from Women *Love*.
But I had *Vertue* too, which do's out-shine
The brightest *Gold* dug out of *Indians* Mine,
And renders *It* more noble and divine.

If e'er invited by the op'ning *Hound*,
I did the Woods with eager *Chase* furround;
The frighted *Game* by me alone was slain,
And shunn'd the vigour of my Arms in vain;

Or when with Youthfull heat and warmth inflam'd,
I gave Pursuit to ruthfull Beasts untam'd.
Not without prais'd Success did I imploy
My deadly Arrows, certain to destroy.
Sometimes, when I beheld the brave Resort,
Where active *Wrestlers* strove in manly sport.
The bold Engagements I would often chuse,
And artfull strength, with finewie Limbs could use:
Sometimes I have with practis'd Racers run,
And oft the Goal from fleetest Coursers won.
Buskin'd sometimes, in *Sophoclean* Verse,
I could a Noble Tragedy rehearse.
While trading Players *blush't to be out-done*
In gracefull Action, and a moving Tone.
Nor did I lose the least degree of Praise,
Because my Skill was good so many ways;
But rather found it heighten'd my Desert,
As various Works shews most the *Master's* Art.

If in one *Grace* alone we Pleasure find,
When 'tis with other noble *Vertues* joyn'd,
'Twill more exalt, and more affect the *Mind*.

But then a hardy *Suff'rance* there was found,
Which all my other manly *Vertues* crown'd ;
A *Suff'rance* which invincible remain'd,
Against all Ills, and worst of Harms disdain'd ;
For unconcern'd, from Injury secure,
With a bare Front all Storms I could endure.
Harmless as drops of Oyl around my Head,
The violent Rain was innocently shed ;
Ev'n roughest Winds assaulted me in vain,
Like sturdy Oaks, I could their Rage sustain.
The *Sun* in *Cancer*, or in *Capricorn*,
By me unprejudic'd alike was born.
And *Tybers* colder Streams I durst invade
In hoary Frosts, fearless, and undismay'd :
Nor did the doubtfull Dangers of the *Sea*,
From Voyages deter, or frighten me.

To me *short Sleeps* could *long Refreshments* give,
And mod'rate *Meals* my *Hunger* could relieve.
Yet if a jolly drunken Friend I found,
Inclin'd to pass the moving Goblets round,
And spend the happy hours of some smooth day,
In chasing with *brisk Wine*, *dull Cares* away.
My stronger Brains could undisorder'd bear,
Of strongest Liquors, an unmeasur'd share.
My sturdiest *Guest* with Ease I overcame,
Though he, with others, gain'd a Victor's Fame.
Had Father *Bacchus* ventur'd in for one,
Not Father *Bacchus* had unconquer'd gon.
Thus 'tis no very easie thing to find,
Two Contrarieties within one Mind,
By the soft tye of Concord's bands confin'd.
And so 'tis fam'd, that the great *Socrates*,
Possessing *opposite Varieties*,
Was *gayly Pleasant*, and *severely Wise*.

That

*That he was skill'd, and that he could excell,
As well in drinking, as in reas'ning well.
And Cato oft would rigid Thoughts decline,
To fate his Sences with delicious Wine ;
Nought in it self is good, or bad, we know,
And Circumstances only make things so :
For what's perform'd with grace, with wit, and sence,
Cannot be call'd a vice by no Pretence ;
'Tis that can only Ill and Vicious be,
That's slubber'd o'er, and acted slovenlie.*

Unmov'd, and fearless, *Fate's* worst spite I bore,
And on my Brows no heavy Sorrows wore ;
Pomp and *Adversitie* to me were one,
No *Grief* for this, no *Joy* for that was shewn.
A gen'rous *Poverty* I always lov'd,
And *Avarice* by full *Content* remov'd.
I all things had, because I nought desir'd,
Enjoy'd my own, my Neighbours ne'er requir'd.

Thou, dolefull *Age*, alone do'ft me fubdue,
Who conquers all things elfe, muft yield to you.
To thee we run, all fading things are thine,
And with thy Evil laft all things decline.

Thus in my Youth adorn'd *Hetruria* ftrove,
With her beft *Beauties* for my Nuptial *Love* ;
But *Hymen's* Fetters I unfit to bear,
Did Liberty to golden Bonds prefer.
When e'er I walk't the ftately Streets of *Rome*,
Gay in my vernal Strength, and youthfull Bloom ;
Each longing *Maid* gaz'd with a wifhing Eye,
To fee my prom'fing Parts as I paff by :
Blufhing a *Nymph*, my Vifits would receive,
Yet of her Joy many dear Tokens give ;
And fmiling, into fome fly Corner run,
As if fhe would my gratefull Kindnefs fhun ;
Where, undiscover'd, long fhe could not be,
But laugh aloud to be found out by me ;

More

More pleas'd with being caught, than close conceal'd,
And only hid, that she might be reveal'd.
So I to all seem'd pleasing, kind, and fair,
A *Lover* only, nor would more declare ;
For kindly *Nature* had bestow'd on me
A modest, and a chaste Severitie.
No *Beauty* of sufficient force could prove,
To make me with a wedded Life in love ;
Nor any *Nymph* appear'd so fair to me,
That I should buy her with my Libertie :
Howe'er a Face might charming seem before,
The thoughts of Hymen made it so no more.

Thus while I was so nice in choice of one,
Exactly perfect, I remain'd alone.
The *Short* I lov'd not, and the *Tall* did hate ;
The *Lean* disdain'd, and loath'd the fulsome *Fat*.
I only lik'd the *Medium* of all these ;
'The *Middle* still is best, and best do's please.

Soft *Luxury* do's there the Body grace,
And there do's *Love* his sacred Temple place.
I did i'th' *Slender*, not the *Lean* delight;
Flesh satiates best the *fleshy Appetite*.
As Body is by Body gently prest,
The height of Pleasure then must be confest,
When the kind *Touch* no meager Bones molest.
The *Pale*, and clear Complexion I abhorr'd,
Unless with *Nature's Roses* richly stor'd;
For *Venus* claims that Flower as her own,
Because in all her Votaries 'tis shewn.
The untry'd Virgin blushes forth a Rose,
And modestly a Shame for loving shews.
Experienc'd Lovers too this Flower bear,
And in their Cheeks after Joys tasted wear.
The golden *Hair*, and white declining *Neck*,
Denote a *Wit*, and claim a just Respect.
Black Brows, a Forehead large, and sparkling Eyes,
Would oft my Heart with *Love*, and *Awe* surprize.

I lov'd the *Ruby*, moist, and swelling *Lip*,
Where I could Kisses tast, and Nectar sip.
A long round Neck made Gold appear more fine,
And Jewels with a double Lustre shine.

But all these Pleasures, which to *Youth* were dear,
Offends distastfull *Age*, but ev'n to hear ;
For diff'rent Things, oblige our diff'rent Years,
What once was decent, now a Crime appears.
The wanton *Boy* loves light *Inconstancie*,
And *Age* affects a settled *Gravitie*.
But gracefull *Youth* arriv'd to manly growth,
Remains the *Golden Mean* betwixt 'em both.
This heedfull Silence best becomes, and that
Delights in noisie Mirth, and empty Chat.
Time conquers all things, and we must submit
" To all the cruel Tyrannies of it.
He suffers nought in certain Paths to range,
But with himself do's ev'ry Being change.

Now

Now therefore since my *Age* do's burthen me,
And useles is, come *Death* and set me free ;
But oh ! in vain I beg for Libertie !

On what hard terms poor Mortals *Life* receive ;
Who, when opprest, cannot themselves relieve,
By *Death* at Pleasure, but must tortur'd live !
'Tis to the Miserable sweet to dye,
But courted *Death* from them do's coyly fly,
And where unwelcome, there approaches nigh.
But I, while living, tread in Paths of *Death*,
And faintly draw a meer departing Breath :
For Age to me the Use of Sence denies,
And grants but an imperfect Exercise,
Of all my Reasonable Faculties.
My *Hearing* fails me, and do's each day wast,
Nor can my *Gust* relish the best Repast,
With me ev'n balmy Kisses lose their tast.
My funken *Eyes* can scarce discover day,
The Sun methinks shines with a glimm'ring Ray.

Now

Now not the most transporting *Bliss* can be
By my unactive *Touch* convey'd to me.
No *Pleasure* more in gratefull scents I take,
For *Smelling* do's my frigid Nose forsake,
Me fenceless thus, who'd not for Dead mistake!
No use have I of former *Memorie*,
Ev'n what I was is now forgot by me;
As if of *Lethe* I had drunk, each day
My *Mind* do's with my languid *Corps* decay.

No *Verses* now I sing, that *Pleasure's* done,
And my sweet tunefull *Voice*, alas, is gone.
Delicious *Poems* I no longer feign,
To please an Audience with my *Commick* Vein.
No more throng'd *Theatres* (while I complain)
Applaud my Numbers, and my *Tragick* strain;
But *Avarice* for Gold, and worldly Care,
Draw me to scold at the *litigious* Bar;
Which cruel Trouble makes me seem no more,
Than the faint Image of my self before;

For

For Death-like Paleness now takes up that Place,
Which White and Red before had in my Face ;
Like gather'd Fruit my *Age* dries up my Skin,
And shrinks, and stiffens ev'ry *Nerve* within.
My *Eyes*, which heretofore with *Love* could smile,
And yielding Hearts of tender Maids beguile ;
Now with continual flowing Rheums are fore,
And day and night in Tears, their *Fate* deplore :
Now bristly Woods for Brows impending grow,
Which did before like Summer Garlands show.
Strangely methinks, and most imperfectlie,
My Eyes, I know not how, in Torment see :
For being dim'd with moist Rheumatick Tears,
Each thing to me so frightfully appears ;
As what past by without, is sadly seen
By melancholy, and despairing Men,
From the deep Cavern of a darksome Den.
Thus poor *Old Men* by their own Horrors fed,
Both to themselves, and others become dead ;
For who'd not guess, when *Reason's* gon, *Life* fled?

If *Books* I take, with hopes in them to find,
Something to ease, or to delight my Mind.
'Tis still in vain, for my deceitfull Eyes
Shows ev'ry Letter in a doubling size,
And ev'ry Leaf grows dull, and magnifies.
The clearest Light through Clouds I only see,
For ev'n those very Clouds are made by me :
An obscure Dusk deprives me of the Day,
And takes it unassisted by the Night away.
Thus I amidst *Tartarian* Darkness dwell,
And ev'ry Object represents my *Hell*.
Who then would live such a curst Wretch to be,
Like me tormented to that vast Degree,
To hope Relief from a worse Miserie?

I'm now possess'd of ev'ry Ill Disease,
Feasts, and Delights of *Epicure* displease,
And that I still may live, to live I cease.
Me, whom no Hardship could abuse of old,
Want, or Excess of Food, of Heat, or Cold.

Now

Now what should nourish me, do's cause my Pain,
And even Food becomes my certain Bane.
Would I be fill'd, *eating* creates my Grief;
Would I *abstain*, ev'n that gives no Relief.
The Dish that pleas'd my Palate just before,
Is now thrown by, and can delight no more.
No Pleasure more in gentle *Love* I find,
Though *Venus* self should offer to be kind;
Ev'n *Wine* for me has no more Charms in store,
Which can relieve the bad, enrich the Poor.
Sick *Nature* but remains weak, and oppress'd,
And with its own worst Evil is distress'd.
Those Diet-drinks which cleans'd me heretofore,
And well-prov'd *Physick*, now can work no more.
All which, to others *sick*, some Ease can give,
Cannot the sad Disease of Age relieve:
For how should *Physick* in that Case prevail,
When even that do's with the Body fail;
And that same Cup from whence I Med'cines sip,
Receives Infection from my *putrid* Lip.

These

These ineffectual Props are rais'd in vain,
A fierce precipitating Ruin to sustain.

No Shows or Triumphs can oblige my sight,
I cannot now ev'n counterfeit Delight.

Beauty, the chiefest Magazene of *Love*,
And a good Dress, which *Beauty* can improve ;
To *Age* becomes the object of his Rage,
But even *Life* offends capricious *Age* ;

Nay Banquets, Singing, and gay Jests displease
Unhappy those, whose Pleasure is Disease !

What solid Bliss can unus'd *Riches* grant,
For much, though I possess, yet more I want.

To me 'tis Pain to touch my own Estate,
And hoarded Gold a Crime to violate.

So *Tantalus* do's in deep Water stand,
But for his *Thirst* cannot one drop command ;

I make my self but *Custos* of my own,
For others to enjoy when I am gon.

So was the *Dragon* in the Garden plac'd,
To watch the *golden Fruit*, but not to tast.
Thus I solicitous, with *Care* oppress'd,
To my teiz'd Mind refuse a needfull Rest ;
Still coveting, and craving still for more,
I ne'er abate, if not increase my Store,
And maugre all, imagine I am poor.

*Nor are these all the Plagues that wait on me,
For I become my own worst Enemy.*

Doubtfull, and trembling, credulous of Ill,
And fearfull of my own best Actions still.
Yet in my Notions obstinately wise,
I praise the *past*, the *present* Age despise ;
None learn'd but me, or skilfull I believe,
Of my own Prudence only positive,
By wilfull Doatage most my self deceive.
Much do I talk, and talk it o'er, and o'er,
And yet am troublesome by telling more.

I drive out a flav'ring Speech so long,
You'd with a present Palsie seiz'd my Tongue.
To *Death* y'are tired, yet unweari'd I
Persist to kill you with *Garralitie*.

Oh miserable *Age*, which canst but give,
Strength to Mankind to become talkative!
In ev'ry Place my loud Complaints are heard;
They're heard indeed, but never gain Regard.
Nothing can please me, nothing can suffice;
Now this I covet, that anon despise.
Old-men to Infants *we may well compare,*
Whose changing Wills as fond, and peevish are.
When e'er I make my self a *Witty Fool*,
And my *grave Tail* is very *ridicule*.
If my tir'd Audience do's but laugh aloud,
I'm mightily oblig'd, and mighty proud;
I smile with them, and flatt'ring my *Conceit*,
Heighten their *Laugh* with the same strains of Wit.
A pleasing Joy o'er-spreads my wrinkled Face,
And I am tickled with my own Disgrace.

Thus these are the First Fruits of *Death*, with these
Down to the *Grave* I march by slow degrees.
My Form, my Dress, my Colour, Shape, and Meen,
Are not the same, which heretofore they've been.
My Body now inclin'd, and awkward grown,
Lets my large Coat slide from my shoulders down;
And what was short before, seems now a Gown.
I so contracted, and decreas'd appear,
You'd think my very Bones diminish't were.
I'm no more privileg'd to look on high,
To contemplate the rich, and spacious *Sky*;
But prone to *Earth*, from whence I came, I tend
To shew where I began, there I must end.
Three Feet I use, but streight I shall use four,
And brought to Childhood, crawl upon the Floor.
'To its first *Principle* each thing resolves,
What ris' from *Nought*, to *Nought* again devolves.
Hence 'tis that I, mould'ring to *Dust* am found,
With my old Staff poking the lazy Ground ;

And

And my short steps, moving with weakly pace,
But slowly quitting the *attractive* Place;
Seem thus to mutter my *Complaints*, and pray
With belching Jaws to *Earth* against Delay.

Mother, receive thy *Child*, pittty his pain,
And in thy Bosome cherish me again,
For hardly can my Leggs their Load sustain.
My loathsome Figure now moves no Delight,
And my sad gastly Looks the Boys affright,
For fear they shun me, and abhor my Sight.
Why to thy *Brood* do'st shew such Crueltie,
To let me thus a common *Bugbear* be?

My bus'ness now with *Mankind* here is none,
The wretched Task of *Life* by me is done;
With all its various Trouble, various Toyl:
Receive me therefore to my proper *Soil*.
What Pleasure is't to see me undergo,
So many diff'rent Penalties of *Wo*?
Is it a *Mother's* part to use me so?

Scarce have I Strength thus even to complain,
And scarce my Staff my trembling Limbs sustain ;
But with my Labour, and my Grief opprest,
Lolling upon my Couch, I seek for Rest.
Where stretch't along upon th' uneasie Bed,
I represent an Earthie *Body* dead ;
Such as it is, when once the *Soul* is fled.
Thus when I loll, and stretch, who would believe,
That I am sensible, at all, or live ;
Though this indeed, what *Life* I have, do's give.
My *Life* is but one intire Punishment,
And all the World but one whole Discontent.
Heat burns my Body, *Clouds* offend my Sight ;
Nor do's the cold, or clearer *Air* delight :
The Summer Dews are hurtfull to my Head,
And as Infections, *April* Showers I dread.
The chearfull Days of the gay blooming *Spring*,
Nor *Autumn's* jolly Vintage, nor any thing
To me the least reviving Joy can bring.

But,

But, wretched I, with *Scurf*, and *Scab* o'er-run,
And with the *Ptifick*, and *Chin-Cough* undone ;
My miserable *Age* it self bemoans,
With never-ceasing, and continual Groans.

And can you think those *Creatures* live, to whom
The *Air*, by which we breath, and *Light* become
Hatefull, and grievous, sad, and troublesome ?

· Ev'n *Sleep*, *Death*'s gentle, gratefull Imagerie,
Which, for a *Time*, do's wretched Mortals free ;
From the unquiet Thoughts of *Miserie*,
Still flies away, and shuns unhappy me.
And if he do's vouchsafe, though late, to close
My heavy Eyes, he troubles my *Repose*
With horrid frightfull Dreams, and dreadfull Sights,
Of fatal *Specters*, and of murther'd *Sprights*.
Down Beds, or Beds of *Stone* are much the same,
And seem to me to differ but in name.
Though softest *Silks* my thin light Cov'ring be,
Heavy they seem, and troublesome to me.

With many Inconveniencies oppress'd,
Often I rise to break imperfect Rest.
Thus urg'd by my weak *Bodies* sad Defect,
I do those very things I would neglect;
And striving many Evils to avoid,
My Health by many Evils is destroy'd.

Thus

Age coming on unheeded, and unsought,
With multitudes of heavy Mischiefs fraught,
Submission to its own sad Weight is taught.
Who therefore would a tedious *Life* desire,
And so by piece-meal painfully expire?
Then in the *Flesh* the *Soul* should bury'd lye;
And to live dying, better once to dye.
Alas! I don't complain, because I'd give
A fix't *Prescription* how long Man should live.
'Tis an unpardonable Crime, I know,
To circumscribe great *Nature* by my Law.
I only wish that I might meet my Fate,
E'er Age should all my Pleasures captivate.

E'er

E'er Time with his rank Ills my Life invade ;
Time, which makes all things wear away, and fade.
 The sturdy *Bull* by *Time* deficient grows,
 Nor use of former noble *Courage* knows.
 The proud; gay, mettled *Horse*, of late so good,
 By *Age* becomes the Scandal of the *Stud* :
 This can abate the furjous *Lyon's* Rage,
 And the fierce *Tyger* gentle grows with *Age*,
Antiquitie makes even *Rocks* decay,
 And ev'ry thing, alas, to *Time* gives way.
 Wherefore I rather would *anticipate*
 My growing *Miseries* by *swifter Fate*,
 And all my Punishment at once would feel,
 Nor wait in painfull *Expectation* still.
 But who can tell the Sorrows, and the Pain,
 Which not themselves, but others do sustain ?
 Thus poor Old men increase their grievous Care,
 By minding how much they unpitty'd are,
 Of those, who cannot in their *Sufferings* share. }
 Hence 'tis that *Age*, forsaken friendless *Age*,
 Do's in so many scolding Broyls engage. Meet-

Meeting with such Contempts, such Detriments,
While none, in his behalf, his Harms resents.

The rogu'ish Boys, and wanton Girls agree,
Both to despise, abuse, and laugh at me ;

For Master, me, they think 'tis shame to own,
Because with Age I'm despicable grown.

They flout my Gate, my Face, and trembling Head,
Whose angry Nod they heretofore would dread.
Though my dim'd sight small help to me do's give,
Yet I shall certainly my *Shame* perceive.

No rude affronts by me unseen can go,
But I must mark 'em to compleat my Woe.

Thrice happy, sure, is the deserving *He*,
Who leads his *Life* in calm Tranquillitie ;
And e'er with *Age* his Strength is quite decay'd,
Is from the *World* by timely *Death* convey'd ;
For to remember former Happiness,
Do's but increase the wretched Man's Distress.

ELEGY II.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Elegy the Poet mourns the Inconstancy of his Mistriss, and seems to attribute the Cause of it to his being Old : nevertheless he endeavours, by several Arguments, to perswade her to continue her Love to him still ; but despairing of Success, he ends the Elegy with a Complaint.

BUT lo, *Lycoris*, my inconstant Fair,
To me too faithless, and to me too dear.
She whose *Desires*, whose *Soul*, and mine were one,
And long we undivided liv'd alone ;
Secure, I thought, of such a lasting Love,
And Happiness, as nothing could remove.
But now by strange Infatuations led,
The stupify'd Ingrate avoids my Bed ;

And

And from my aged, and enfeebl'd Arms,
To younger *Lovers* bears her sprightly Charms.
Of former Joys forgetfull all the while,
Do's me decrepid, old, unable stile ;
Nor recollects those many Pleasures past,
Which she with vast Delight so oft would tast ,
And my unhappy *Age* so much did hast :
Nay the ungratefull, the perfidious She,
To cast the *odium* of her Crime on me,
Feigns that my Faults caus'd her Inconstancie.
Perhaps hereafter, when she may espy
Me, weaken'd with my *Age*, as I pass by ;
With Hood, or Fan, she'll seem to hide her Eyes,
And me, in these *opprobrious terms*, despise.
Bless me ! did I e'er love this antick Thing ?
Could his Embraces any Pleasure bring ?
Those rivell'd Jaws, or Lips, did I e'er kiss,
Or kindly grant him the *exalted Bliss*?

She'll

She'll nauseate me, and in Contempt will seem,
To spew my *Love* up like a loathsomè Flegme.
Alas ! what Comforts can *Old Age* afford ?
You see with what prime Blessings it is stor'd.
VVhat once could move Delight, and Love engage,
Becomes despis'd when sowr'd with crabbed *Age*.

VVas't not enough, that I had liv'd to be,
To the full growth of manly Decencie ?
VVhen all I did was actèd with a Grace,
Active my Mind, and beautifull my Face.
E'er I became offensive, and despis'd,
Sordid, unpleasing, hatefull, and unpris'd.
VVhat e'er I've liv'd before, is nothing now,
In all the Circumstances where, or how.
Time with himself has taken all away,
That was e'er chearfull, pleasant, brisk, or gay.
VVhite falling Hairs are now around my Head,
And my pale Face would seem to speak me dead.

Yet

Yet bright, and beautifull she still appears,
Nor grows *less* charming, tho' *more* grown in Years
Which she but too well sees, and too well knows,
Therefore, with inward heat of Pride she glows.
And, I confess, she still retains the Grace
And Influence of her once dearer Face.
And in the Embers still the hidden Flame
Of Love, do's both conceal'd, and warm remain.
So that I see *Age* do's contrive to spare,
And favour too, as all things else, the Fair.
For all her Beauties are not quite decreast,
Sh'as still enough t' inflame the youngest Breast:
But *Old Men* feed on Reliques of their Love,
And former Action but in Thought can prove.
Unable to perform as heretofore,
They all past *Joys* to Memory restore;
Tickle with that, and grieve they can no more.
And after all, what can the wretched gain,
But the sad privilege, to entertain,
Their own Misfortunes, Misery, and Pain.

Thoughts

Thoughts of lost Happiness gives no Relief,
They only serve more to enrage the Grief.

But since of former Vigour I'm bereft,
Nor to give kind Embraces Strength have left.
Therefore my false Lycoris, must not we
Sometimes remember past Felicitie?
Must former Joys be vanishing, and vain,
Like tracks of Cattle in a sandy Plain?
Must we forget all that was done before,
And think of happy Pleasures past no more?

Why, even *Brutes* shun Pastures, new, and strange,
And *Sheep* in unknown Walks refuse to range:
The *Bull* his old frequented Shades do's love,
Nor will the *Flocks* from their known Folds remove:
Sweetest in wonted Brambles *Philomel*
Do's sing, and her sad mournfull Story tell.
But you alone experienc'd Friendship shun,
And to an untry'd Entertainment run.

Were

Were it not better far that you confide
In Certainties, and things that you have try'd?
Various Events still Novelties attend,
As they begin, they very seldom end.

If you object my *Age*, remember too,
That creeping *Age* is stealing upon you.
Therefore let that instruct you to be wise,
And do not me, because I'm grey, despise.
Old Time will silver too thy golden Hair,
For he do's neither Sex nor Beauty spare.
We often find that *parity* of Years,
Two Minds by *parity* of *Love* endears.
What though I cannot act as once I could,
Let it suffice that I did well of old.
The *Husbandman*, whose Strength is lost in Years,
Still reverend to younger *Swains* appears.
The *Young* do's still the Courage, and the Fire,
Which in the *elder Souldier* was admire.

The *Swain* is griev'd to loose his expert Steer ;
 And, to the *Trooper*, his *old* Horſe is dear.
But oh, alas, Love only can ſubſiſt,
And live, and act within a Youthfull Breſt :
And ſprightfull blooming Youth alone can prove,
The fitteſt Object for a perfect Love.

But yet ſad *Age* has not quite plundred me,
 Of all my *Rhetorick*, and Gayetie :
 For ſtill I can my dolefull Tale rehearſe,
 In tunefull Numbers, and in flowing *Verſe*.
 Slight not mature, and ſolid *Gravitie*,
 Nor venerable *Age*, but let it be
 Eſteem'd, and valu'd, as deſir'd by thee.
 Condemn not in another what ſo fain,
 You for your ſelf would willingly obtain.
 Seems it not ſtrange in one, and fooliſh too,
 To ſlight that *Voyage* which themſelves muſt go.

Call me your Brother, or your dearest Friend,
Or Father, either of 'em Love intend.
Let *Lust* to *Honour* yield, as now 'tis fit,
And to pure *Piety* let *Love* submit.

Thus I with tears lament my weak *Old Age*,
But that cannot my troubl'd Thoughts assuage;
For long discourse of Grief, do's Grief enrage. }

ELEGY

E L E G Y III.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Elegy the Poet gives an account how he was very much in love, when but a Boy ; and that the young Creature, with whom he was so Enamour'd, return'd his Passion to the full : yet after all, when with much toyl and difficulty it was so brought about that he had Liberty to enjoy her, he would not, but was then (by having that privilege granted him) cured of his Love.

BUT now perhaps it may in part Assuage,
The violent Griefs, of my tormented Age ;
A while the mournfull Story to suspend,
Of Ills which do my *present Days* attend.
To recollect *things past*, and call to mind
Those Years, which Time has left so far behind ;

*Those tender Years wherein my Life was free
From all Disquiets, Love ! but only thee !
For Aquilina did my Heart invade,
And I ador'd the Fair, the Beaut'ous Maid.
To that degree I burnt, that I became
Pale, mad, and melancholy with the Flame :
Yet even then my childish Innocence,
Preserv'd me free from Scandal, and Offence ;
For Ignorant of Love, and quite unskill'd
In Venus Arts, yet with Desire fill'd :
Something I wish't, but innocent of what,
Did my own Miserie the more create.*

Nor was the excellent, the charming She
Less griev'd, or less disturb'd with Love of me :
*For though she conquer'd, yet she was o'er-come,
And could not carry perfect Triumphs home :*
But heated with her Passion, and Desire,
In vain she strove to shun th' internal Fire :

Restless from place to place, for Ease she flew,
But with her, what she would avoid, she drew.
With Charms at distance we each other caught,
And lov'd unknowing what we either thought.
In Solitude we hop'd to find Redress,
And secret Love, in Secret to repress;
But that, alas! did but our Loves increase.
Then we sought out a more obsequious way,
To feed, and feast our Passions ev'ry day,
By the Exchange of kind, and gentle Words;
Words, *which to Lover's Flames, Fuel affords;*
Yet we could only cherish the dear Fire,
With fruitless wishing Looks, and vain Desire.
To *me* a cruel Pedagogue gave law,
And *her* a careful Mother kept in awe;
Thus we both lov'd, but no Success foresaw.
Our very Eyes, our very Nods they watch't,
And at all little Circumstances catch't:
Each change of Colour with a careful Eye,
They mark't, by that our Passions to descry.

With Industry, and with deceitfull Arts,
A while the growing *Passions* of our Hearts ;
Ev'n from each other we kept unreveal'd,
And with much Pain our Sufferings conceal'd.
But then at last our *Love* so fierce became,
That we no longer could suppress the *Flame*.
We find it much too hard, and cruel too,
To hide a Light which so apparent grew ;
For frequent Blushes, Sighs, and thousand things,
Declar'd our Wishes, and our Languishings.
But oh what Joys, what Ecstasies were shown,
When we to each durst our hid Passions own.
Then oft in private we together came,
And with Discourse blow'd up the pleasing Flame.
What cunning Plots we've us'd, what sly deceit,
To cheat our Spies, and undiscover'd meet.
Whole Nights in whisp'ring Murmurs, & soft Tread,
We've spent, while drowsie Watches snor'd in Bed.

And

And if we fail'd of such an Enterprize,
 Too strictly guard'd by our curious Spies,
 We could, in spite, converse with *speaking Eyes*.
 In vain they strove our Glances to constrain,
 They spoke our mutual Wishes, & our mutual Pain.


Disorder'd thus, not long unmark't I liv'd,
 For my observing *Mother* soon perceiv'd,
 The sad, unusual, melancholy *Care*,
 Which did in all my Words, and Acts appear ;
 And quickly guest the fatal *Cause* was *Love*,
 Whom she design'd by Rigour to remove.
 She thought my *Passion* with a Rod to quell,
 But that provok't it, stubborn, to rebell :
 Her cruel Usage could effect no *Cure*,
 For *Love*, *alas ! had taught me to endure*.
 All only serv'd more to inflame *Desire*,
 Like added *Fuel* to increase the *Fire*.
Nothing could chase the Stranger from my Breast ;
My Health decay'd, but still my Love increas'd.

This rough Experiment she try'd in vain,
For *Love* do's all Restraint, and Force disdain.
And I within was more severely vext,
Doubly with mingled *Fear*, and *Love* perplex.
Then with *Maternal* Tenderneſs, ſhe ſtrove,
By Sighs, and Tears my wilfull Mind to move ;
Believing that her *Sorrows* might prevail,
On *filial Duty* to relate the Tale :
But even that ſoft Stratagem did fail.
At laſt, ſhe thought, ſince nothing elſe could do,
To make pretence that ſhe already knew ;
And ſeeming pleas'd, and ſpeaking ſmilingly,
Said, why do'ſt ſtrive to keep ought hid from me ?
Alas, canſt thou believe that I am blind,
By all thy Words, and Actions not to find,
That ſecret *Love* diſtracts thy tender Mind.
For did not I but very lately ſee,
Some wanton Songs, and Verſes made by thee.
Then be obedient, let thy Mother know,
Who cruel Pains for thee did undergo.

Acquaint

Acquaint me freely, lay aside your Fear,
Tell me the naked Truth of all, my Dear.
What then must I thus beg, and sue in vain;
And is this all the Purchase I shall gain?
For Blood diffus'd, and lost to bring thee forth,
And am I, and my Woes, of no more worth?
But if thou do'st preserve thy Chastitie,
Keeping thy self from guilty Action free.
All may be well, and innocent as yet,
And *Time* may wear away this fond *Love-fit*.

Thus was I daily plagu'd, but yet the *Curse*
Was, that I hop'd no *Cure*, but still grew worse.
Not daring to discover the hid Pain,
I lov'd, I languish'd, and I griev'd in vain.
Nor needed I at last a *Tongue* to tell,
What my consumptive *Paleness* did reveal,
And doz'd *Stupidity* declar'd so well.



'Thou

Thou mighty Searcher of Myſterious things,
Whoſe certain Knowledge certain Succour brings.
Bobetius, you alone were truly kind,
Who div'd into the Secrets of my Mind,
And the hid Cauſe from dark Effects did find.
Well, I remember when you firſt perceiv'd,
How I was tortur'd, and how I was griev'd.
With gentle *Words* you prob'd the tender Wound,
And by ſoft foothing the ſad ſecret found ;
Urging me to declare my Griefs, and Pain,
As the beſt means my Temper to regain.
With Eaſe did you my cloſed Breſt unlock,
When gently arguing, thus to me you ſpoke ;
For an unknown *Disease* no *Cure* can be,
Conceal your Grief, and want a Remedie.
As *Fire*, when in a Cellar cloſely pent,
Rages the more for want of *Air*, and Vent :
So while your Paſſions you with Force conſtrain ;
To burn in ſecret, you increaſe the Pain.

Then

Then I half willing, but o'er-rul'd with shame,
 Blush't the sad Cause of all my *Griefs* to name.
 Darkly, at last, my trembling *Tongue* exprest,
 The rowling *Flames* which warm'd my guilty Brest.
 Enough, said you, I now enough have seen,
 By these Effects to know the Cause within.
 Be plain, and tell me all ; lay by your Fear,
 I cannot else a Remedy prepare.
 Thus you prevail'd, I blush't, I wept, and sigh'd,
 And nothing of the whole Intreigue could hide.
 Down at your Feet to dye, I prostrate fall,
 And in its native order told you all.
 You ask't, would I possess the *Beautious She* ?
 No, I reply'd, 'twere an *Impietie*.
 You laugh'd and cry'd ; Oh, wonderfull Delight !
 Had ever *Venus* such a worthy *Wight* ?
 What an unspeakable strange Prodigie,
 In *Love*, alas ! would you appear to be,
 Striving to keep a needless Chastitie.

'Twould

'Twould be a most unmanly Sin, and base
To spare a longing *Virgin* in this Case.
Would you ridiculously strive to be
Pious herein, 'twere worst *Impietie*.
Though when perhaps you try to tast the Joy,
She may seem angry, and unkindly coy.
Be not discourag'd at the gratefull Fight,
For Opposition whets the Appetite ;
Makes Love more fierce, and heightens the Delight.
Young tender Loves are fed with peevish Rage,
And inn'cent Quarrels more the *Hearts* ingage.
Virgins untry'd, half yielding, half afraid,
Are in their own Resistance best betray'd.
With secret Pleasure to soft Force they yield,
And seemingly displeas'd, give up the Field,
Melted at last, their striving is but weak,
And breathless, thus perhaps they faintly speak :
Ah, do not use a harmless Creature so,
Still in the midst of Rapture crying no ;
And prithee let me, prithee let me go.

Thus

*Thus when he had encourag'd me to hope,
I gave my Wishes an unbounded Scope.*

In the mean time with *Gifts* and *Gold* he strove,
To bribe her *Parents* to allow my *Love* ;
They easily consent ; such strength do's lye,
In the prevailing Force of *Alchemy*.

Their natural *Affection* soon gave way
To the high *Worship*, which to *Gold* they pay.
Oh, sacred Metal ! *Oh*, resistless *Gold* !

Who can thy strange bewitching Charms unfold.

'Tis thy unanswerable Eloquence,
Thy weighty Arguments, and mighty Sence,
Which can persuade poor Mortals to dispence,
With any Vice, or Villanous Offence.

So much thou didst her *Parents* move herein,
They did not barely suffer, but begin
To love, and so promote their *Daughter's sin*.

All privacies of *Place*, all proper *Time*,
We were allow'd to forward the sweet *Crime* ;

They

They put us hand in hand, and all the day,
A thousand Am'rous toying Tricks we play;
Nay ev'n at last the very *lushious Fact*,
They gave us *Opportunity* to act:
But there I baulk't, for when to do an Ill,
I *gain'd* the Privilege, I *lost* the Will.
My *hot* Desire strait became *cool* within,
When once it was permitted me to sin.
That *Lust* which I before could not endure,
The very Power to fulfill did cure.
Then I, and not before began to find,
The miserable Sicknes of my Mind.
The *Laws* of *Love* by me were disobey'd,
When near the wishing, blushing, yielding Maid,
I Languid, and unwillingly was laid.
But she with unexpected coldness us'd,
Blushing with Passion, and with shame confus'd,
Rose up incens'd to be so much abus'd.
And I (to salve the great affront I did)
Cry'd hail untouch't, and sacred *Maidenhead*.

Be thou preserv'd for ever pure by me,
And ever spotless, and unblemish't be,
For nought regains a *lost Virinitie*.

Thus when she saw all that young *Virgins* hold,
More dear, than Userers their ill-got *Gold*;
By me neglected, when I might enjoy,
And that my *Love* I did my self destroy.
Oh, mighty *Youth*, she cry'd, who hast the Pow'r,
Thy self to conquer thy own fierce *Amour*.
Take to thee all the *Glory* of the thing,
And be more great than a Triumphant King:
For since thou could'st thy own toil'd *Passions* quell,
Ev'n when they were encourag'd to rebell;
Let *Venus* Charms, and her Son *Cupid's* Bow,
And brave *Minerva's* Arms submit to you;
There's nothing now but what you can subdue.

Thus both displeas'd, and melancholy She
Parted, with an uninjur'd *Chastitie*.

ELEGY IV.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Elegy the Poet gives an account of his loving a young Maid, very privately, in his Youth: but at last how in his Sleep he discover'd what so carefully he conceal'd when awake; and concludes the Elegy with a Consideration of the Inconveniencies he lyes under by being Old.

ONE more Intreigue of Youth I will reherse,
And fate my Genius with my soothing Verse;
For empty Tales, and idle Poetrie,
Are a fit Task for doating Age, and me.
And as in circling Time Mankind is found,
With various Chances always turning round:
So to my far-spent Life no Joy appears,
Like the Remembrance of most distant Years.

A Virgin

A *Virgin* once there was, whom *Heav'n* design'd,
Both by the Graces of her Face, and Mind,
To be adapted so, that she became
By *Nature Candid*, as she was by *Name*.
Her pure white *Hair*, from her delicious *Head*,
In flowing *Curls* around her *Shoulders* plaid.
But ev'ry *Part* of her was bright, and fair,
And full as charming as her flaxen *Hair*.
The tunefull *Lyre* she touch't with such a Grace,
That it confirm'd the Conquests of her *Face*.
While from the trembling Strings soft Tunes did
With Love, and Joy, my Heart did tremble too. (flow,
But if she utter'd some surprizing Song,
How many Cupids sate upon her Tongue!
Each moving Word, each Accent sent a Dart,
And ev'ry Note did melt my wounded Heart.
Then if she danc'd, her *Motion*, and her *Air*,
Made ev'ry Part appear more killing fair;

While I, with Pleasure, hug'd my golden Chain,
And silently indulg'd the gratefull Pain.

Thus one bright *Maid*, with many Beauties arm'd,
From whom none scap'd unconquer'd, or uncharm'd,
In various Parts storm'd my defenceless *Mind*,
Nor did one *Dart* the least Resistance find.
And when by *Violence* she was possess'd,
She ne'er forsook my entertaining *Breast*.
Once seen her beautious *Form*, still stay'd with me,
And day and night dwelt in my *Memorie*.
How oft has my Imagination brought,
Her absent Image present to my Thought.
Fix'd, and intent, how oft (though far remov'd)
Have I suppos'd I talk'd with her I lov'd.
How oft, with Pleasure, would my Fancy bring,
Those *Songs* to mind, which she was wont to sing;
And with delight my busie Voice, and Tongue,
Would imitate those Notes, and words she sung.

Thus

*Thus I my self, against my self took part,
And, like a Cheat, play'd booty with my Heart.*

How oft have I been thought with Madness seiz'd?
How often has my Head been thought diseas'd,
While the wild Passions of my Breast encreas'd?
Nor can I think, that I was wholly void
Of Reason, or my Reason well enjoy'd.

But sure 'tis an intollerable pain,
To hide a stifled Passion, or restrain
The Rage, 'tis what no mortal *Breast* can bear,
For in the Countenance it will appear,
Though never so reserv'd, though never so severe.
The changing Colours show how we decay,
And ev'n the Silence of the Tongue betray.
Th' affected Face will the hid Thoughts declare;
Blushing bespeaks a Shame, and Paleness Fear.
But more my *Dreams* disclos'd my Privacie:
My *Dreams* unfaithfull to my Love, and me,
Did my surpris'd *Anxieties* reveal;
Nor could *Death's* Image, *Sleep*, my Cares conceal:

For when my Sences were inclin'd to Rest,
And by oblivious Slumbers all posselt ;
Ev'n then my Tongue unacted Guilt confest. }

As on the Grass, sleeping I once was laid,
Close by the *Father* of my lovely *Maid* ;
And while he thoughtless slumber'd by my Side,
Thus, in my *Dreams* disturb'd, aloud I cry'd,
Hast, hast, my *Candida* ; hast, hast away,
Our *secret Love* is ruin'd if you stay :
For see, already peeps the prying *Sun* ;
If w'are discover'd, we are both undone.
The envious *Light* will our *stol'n Loves* betray ;
Hast, hast, my *Candida*, my *Candida*.

Awak'd at this, and in a strange surprize,
He started up, and scarce believ'd his Eyes :
But for his *Daughter*, search'd the place around,
While I was only sleeping on the Ground ;

Gasping,

Gasping, and panting, there he saw me lye,
Transported from my self with Ecstasy.

With what vain *Dreams*, said he, art thou possesst?

Or has a real *Love* usurp't thy Breast?

Some waking Objects rather, I conclude,

Upon thy gentler Slumbers may intrude,

And thus thy Wishes fleeting Forms delude.

Astonish't! he my broken Murmurs watch't,

And each imperfect unform'd Sentence catch't.

Gently his right hand on my *Heart* he lay'd,

And in soft *Whispers*, more inquiries made:

For so apply'd, the sly Inquirer's Hand,

From sleeping Breasts can any thing command;

And the loos'd Tongue do's by that Charm impart,

The very choicest Secrets of the Heart.

Thus I, who had so long with Looks severe,

Kept from the prying Eye, and listning Ear,

The Cares of *Love*, grown by Concealment dear,

My treach'rous Tongue did, when I slept, declare.

Yet still had my whole wretched *Life* been free,
From impure *Actions*, and *Impietie* ;
Not that so much I did those *Crimes* prevent,
By perfect *Vertue*, as by *Accident*.

But now I'm *old*, and want the Strength to sin,
It pleases me my *Youth* has guiltless been.

Tho' no just Praise, that they from *Vice* are free,
To superannuated Men can be,
Since 'tis not *Choice*, but meer *Necessitie*.

Strength only sleeps, their Inclinations wake ;
And not they *Vice*, but *Vice* do's them forsake.

Pleasure deserts their unperforming Years,
And leaves them fill'd with painful Toils, & Cares,
And all their *Good* in want of Power appears.

'Tis worth our while, if we consider too,
What Penalties in *Age* we undergo ;
How that, with it, a slow Repentance brings,
For all our Youthfull Faults, and Riotings ;

How

How many Groans it pays ! how many Tears,
For dear-bought *Luxury* of younger Years !
And though Mankind will often strive in vain,
Youth's boyling Heats, and Follies to restrain ;
Oft'ner with Knowledge, and Contrivance, we
Persist in some deluding Villanie.

W're oft industrious, studious, wise, and nice,
In the performance of some witty *Vice*.

Though *Vice* sometimes bears us by force away,
Yet we too oft its easie Call obey :

Oft, though we cannot compass what we will,
We are *Well-wishers* to some pleasing *Ill*.

ELEGY V.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Elegy, the Poet shews the Folly and Weakness of Old Men's being in Love, who thereby do but discover their Impotence and Dotage, and can at best prove but unperforming Lechers, being incapacitated of imploying Love's chief Agent; the Praises of which, in its full Strength and Beauty, concludes the Elegy.

When to the *East* on Embassy I went,
With friendly Articles, by *Cæsar* sent:
While I design'd for others *Rest*, and *Ease*,
And Nations did from me expect their Peace;
Lo, in my Breast, *Tumults*, and *Broils* arose,
And cruel *Wars* troubled my own Repose:
Ev'n I, on whom *Hetruria* did rely,
And with such Aid her crafty Foes defy.

Whom

Whom she oppos'd to Publick Policie,
Could not from private Wiles, my self, keep free.
For one *Greek Dame's* insinuating Art,
Well-practis'd, to enslave the bravest *Heart* ;
With such peculiar Vigour mine o'er-came,
It melted in the brisk *assaulting* Flame :
For while she feign'd that I had smitten her,
She seiz'd me first, and took me Prisoner.

Wakefull each morning, with the *Dawn* she rose,
Refusing to her Eyes a soft Repose ;
And at my Windows, shining as the *Sun*,
Darted in Light before the Day begun.
And, *Gods*, I knew not what it was she sung,
While *Grecian* Tunes flow'd from her charming
Tongue.
But such bewitching Force her Murmurs had,
That with Delight and Pleasure I was mad.

Nor

*Nor was this half her Cunning, half her Art,
By which she conquer'd, and enslav'd my Heart :
But strange resistless Charms she us'd, far more
To ruin me, and to confirm her Power.*

*She wept, she sigh'd, look't pale, and so complain'd,
As none could e'er believe it to be feign'd :
She shew'd what would a Stoick's Passion move,
Ev'n all the Signs of an unpractis'd Love ;
So excellent she was in the dear Cheat,
That ev'n a Love was due for the Deceit.*

*Thus while I pitty'd her feign'd Miserie,
And thought her tortur'd with the Love of me ;
The Miserable Object I became,
Of real Pity, by my real Flame.*

*But Heav'n ne'er fram'd a Creature more compact,
For she was to a Miracle exact.*

*Her shining Eyes and Face, (chearfull and gay,
Bright and serene as an unclouded Day.)*

When

When e'er they did salute my wand'ring Eyes,
Mov'd me at once with Pleasure, and Surprise.

Nor was she less accomplish'd in her *Mind*,
But that with noble *Arts* was well refin'd :
She knew the Strength of conqu'ring *Eloquence* ;
And when she *talk't*, could captivate each Sence.
Her Wit was like her Beauty, sweet, and clear,
As one the Eye, the other fix'd the Ear.

The mighty force of *Poetry* she knew,
And in that Art Apollo could out-doe :

Not Orpheus self was warm'd with nobler fire,
When his own Songs he sung to his own Lyre,
And Beasts, and Trees, did with new life inspire. }
Than this bright Nymph, who with her Harp & Quill,
Out-did Apollo's Verse, and Orpheus Skill.

Her *Songs*, like *Syrens*, moving vast delight,
Were quite as charming, and as harmfull quite :
For while I listned to her fatal *Voice*,
Ruin, or Safety, were not in my choice ;

But

But wanting pow'r such Witchcrafts to avoid,
 In that Surprise I yield to be destroy'd :
 Upon those treach'rous Rocks I blindly run,
 Whither *Love* led, nor could the mischief shun :
 Not so of Old *Ulysses* fair'd, for he
 Could miss those dangers, which he could foresee.

What need I mention her amazing gate ;
 Or how by practis'd steps she mov'd in state :
How swim along with such a sallying sweep,
Like well-trimm'd Sailors on the smooth-fac'd Deep.
 How ev'ry step was set with heedfull care,
 That she as easie did, and soft appear,
As Goddesses cutting through the yielding Air.
 Bless me ! what Pow'r lay in her well-set *Hair* !
A trap was each white Lock, each Curl a snare.
 Her two hard *Breasts*, so round, and rarely fram'd,
 That they, with strong Desire, my Heart inflam'd ;
 Neither of which to greater bigness swell'd,
 Than what might be within one hand compell'd.

But when I near, and nicely view'd each part,
 What Joys unspeakable surpriz'd my Heart !
 How did I feast, and how delight my Eyes,
 With ev'ry part, which next adjacent lyes,
 To Love's delicious nameless Paradise ?
 How to *Embrace*, how did I long to *touch*
 Each *Limb* that charm'd, and melted me so much !
 What mighty Ecstasies did I suppose,
 Would quite transport me if I were more close !

I wish't, I ask't, and gain'd the Beautious She ;
But, oh ! what Witchcraft did Enervate me !
Lifeless I on that mass of Beauty lay,
Nor the due debts of Sacred Love could pay.
 All vigorous warmth my languid Limbs forsook,
And left me cold, like an old sapless Oak.
 My chief, yet basest *Nerve*, did then prove lank,
 And, like a *Coward*, from the *Battle* shrank ;
 Shrivell'd, and dry, like a dead wither'd flow'r,
 Depriv'd, and void of all *vivifick pow'r*.

No fertile Moisture, no *prolifick Juice*,
Could the enfeebled *Instrument* produce ;
No unctious Substance, no kind Balm emit ;
Balm, nourishing as Milk, as Honey sweet.
At last cry'd out the Disappointed Fair,
Thy dull unactive weight I cannot bear ;
Thy heavy Limbs press me with joyless pain,
And all thy faint Endeavours are in vain.

Useless, I must confess, I then did lye,
O'er-come of *Thufcan* grave Simplicitie ;
And in soft *Græcian* Dalliance unskill'd,
To *Age's Impotence* was forc'd to yield.
Those very Arts, those Stratagems of *Love*,
(Which did, of old, *Troy's* sad Destruction prove,
And, maugre *Hector's* Courage, could prevail,)
Us'd to one Old defective Man, did fail :
Nay, though a Beauty, ev'n as Hellen bright,
Did to the mighty Task of Love invite.

Yet in the vain performance did I tire,
 Though giv'n up to th' Empire of *Desire*.
 Nor need I blush to own, or be ashamed,
 That I by such a *Beauty* was inflam'd;
 For *Jove* himself, had he my *Goddeſs* seen;
 Ev'n *Jove* himself her *Captive* must have been.
 Yet ne'ertheless, such was my first sad Night,
 That I could neither give nor take Delight.
 But a base conscious shame possess'd each sense,
 Nor left me pow'r to make the least defence,
 Dash'd with the Guilt of my own *Impotence*.

But lo, the next ensuing Night came on,
 And lo, my *vig'rous heat* again was gon;
 Void of all warmth, and strength did I remain,
 And as before was dull, and slow again.
 But she much vex'd, that I would not fulfill
 Her Expectation, but deceive her still:
 Blam'd my neglectfull sloath, and angry too,
 Claim'd the just *Tribute* which to *Love* was due;

And

And wond'ring why her *Charms* no more could
Said, Sluggard pay thy Debts to *me*, & *Love*. (move,
But her just Anger, with me, nothing weigh'd,
Nothing her soothing Language could perswade.
In vain with either did she me assail,
'Gainst my unconquer'd Impotence both fail.
For what, alas, can those *Defects* supply,
Which weaken'd *Nature* do's to *Age* deny?
But then I blush'd, and stupify'd became,
Much more *debilitated* by my Shame.
A conscious Terroure did possess my *Mind*,
And took away all pow'r of being kind.
Yet with her soft and *active Hand* she strove,
The *frigid Member* to adapt for *Love*:
But she the *fainting thing* did try in vain,
B'y *inspiring touch* to call to *life* again;
Nor answer'd it her Toil, nor my desire,
But cold remain'd i'th' midst of such a Fire:
So the starv'd Wretch in Northern Scythia sees,
Th' ungratefull Pot ev'n o'er the Fire to freeze.

What

What cruel Woman, thou unkind, said she,
 Has snatch'd thy *Love*, my Due alone from me?
 Where hast thou been ungrateful? and with whom?
 From whose *Embraces* do'st thou tir'd come?
 I swore 'twas her mistake, and did protest,
 No other *Passion* could invade my Breast;
She, only *She* was of my *Heart* possest.
 And that it was *excess* of *Love* and *Care*,
 Dash't me with such a trembling *Awe*, and *Fear*;
 As render'd me incapable to give,
 Those Acts of Kindness, which she should receive.
 Yet maugre this, the bright expecting Dame,
 Believ'd 'twas all but a pretended Sham.
 Thou ly'st, the much-offended Fair One cry'd,
 For thou some other *Nymph* do'st love beside,
 And art with me alone unsatisfy'd.
 Variety affects thy Appetite,
 And thou do'st in a frequent *Change* delight,
 Why else would you my tendred Kindness slight?

Do's *Sorrow* damp you? then try to remove
Such *heavy Griefs* by the *brisk Joys* of *Love*.
Be not o'er-come by any sad *Excess*,
But intermit such *Cares* as over-press;
For *Burthens* oft laid down become the less.

Then I uncover'd in the *Naked Bed*,
To the inquiring *Nymph* thus weeping said,
Alas, Fair *Greek*, I am constrain'd to own,
What I endeavour'd to have kept *unknown*;
And lest you might suspect it want of *Love*,
Am forc'd by sad *Defects* my *Age* to prove.
Unhappy I, whose *Vigour* is quite dead;
Alas, my *Will* and *Wishes* are not fled:
Unfortunate, that I am judg'd to be
Unkind, because of my *Debilitie*.

Lo, I have brought you *Arms*, with *Shame* I own,
By a long lazy *Rest* defective grown,
Yet *Arms* devoted to thy *Use* alone.

Do what thou canst, all thy Endeavours try,
To move me, I submit most willingly :
Yet still I fail'd the more, the more I strove,
Desire's excess did *Impotence* improve.
Streight she began, with many *Gracian* Art,
To give new Courage to the *drooping Part* :
But she, in vain, the cold *dead thing*, did strive,
With her gay Flames to quicken, and revive.
When she at last its Ruin did perceive,
And that the dear-lov'd *Nerve* no more could live;
But of its Resurrection all hopes lost
On which she had bestow'd such pains, such cost.
Erected in the Bed, she mournfull fate,
Griev'd and tormented with her wretched state,
And thus deplor'd her miserable *Fate*.

Ah, *fallen Member* ! who wert once to Me,
The *best Improver* of *best Luxurie* ;
And at each sacred celebrated Feast,
My only Entertainment, only Guest ;

My sweetest Darling, my Delight, my Health,
My dearest Honour, and my chiefest Wealth.
How thy dejected state shall I lament ;
And in what Floods of Tears my *sorrows* vent ?
Where shall I find equal, and worthy *Verse*,
Thy mighty *Acts*, and *Promesses* to rehearse ?
Oft, when inflam'd, with my too hot *Desire*,
Thou didst allay the raging of that *Fire*.
And oft didst thou (then when thou couldst be kind)
Charm the Diseases of my troubled *Mind* :
My dear Companion many tedious Nights,
Partaker of my *Griefs*, and my *Delights* ;
To thee my choicest Secrets were disclos'd ;
And with much Safety in thy trust repos'd.
Still wert thou watchfull, and wert still at hand,
To answer, and obey my least Command.
Whither ! oh, whither is thy *Fervour* fled !
Why do'st thou hang thy cold, thy drooping Head ?

What

What envious Power has depriv'd thee quite,
Of all that vigour, all that former spright,
Which made thee heretofore so bold in fight ?
Frequent *Engagements* pleas'd thee heretofore,
But now thy *Courage* fails, and is no more ;
For, lo, no more a lively chearfull Red,
Do's *thee*, as once it did, with warmth o'er-spread ;
But pale and wan thou do'st dejected lye,
Nor dar'st look up to face thy Enemy ;
The kindest, most endearing Words to *thee*,
Are lost, and altogether uselefs be.
The pow'rfull Charms of *Verse*, which can relieve
Sorrowfull *Minds*, to thee *no life* can give.
Thee therefore justly I as *dead* bewail,
Since in all *active Motion* thou do'st fail.

But as she still run on, I was constrain'd
To interrupt her, while she yet complain'd ;
And of her sad impatience much asham'd,
Her needlefs *Sorrows* chiding thus, I blam'd.

Thus to bemoan my *languid Member's* Case,
Argues thy self vex'd by a worse *Disease*.
And whilst thou do'st lament his sad *Defect*,
I must accuse you of a worse *Neglect*.
Begone from miserable unperforming Me,
To some young *Lover* more deserving thee.
Go, happy *Nymph*, for happy *Joys* design'd ;
Go where thy *Love* equal Returns may find ;
Go where fresh *Youth*, & blooming *Strength* invites,
Thy springing *Beauty* to more fit *Delights*.
Make use of all thy Youth, while Youth thou hast,
And don't with me thy pretious Minutes wast ;
For Time unseen goes by, and flies too fast
For Mortals ever to o'er-take when past.

But she inrag'd, said, *Fool*, thou do'st not know }
The real *Cause* of all my real *Woe* ; }
And why such floods of *Tears* my Eyes o'er-flow. }
Be not so fond and vain as to believe,
That thy peculiar *Fate* I only grieve:

No,

No, this to my distracted Fancy, brings
 The sad Estate of all Created things :
 For if the *gen'tive Pow'r* were tane away,
 How soon, alas, would this vast World decay ?
 And oh thou needfull *Engine*, without *Thee*,
 All things that breath would quickly cease to be !
 Mankind, Beast, Fish and Fowl, and all that live,
 From *Thee* their first Beginnings must receive.
 What Concord, or Agreement, could be made,
 In diff'rent Sexes, if without thy *Aid*;
 And if of thy most gratefull Favours void,
 The chiefeft Good of *Marriage* is destroy'd. (bind,
 With such strong Leagues of Kindness thou canst
 That of two diff'rent, thou mak'st up one *Mind*.
 So much thou do'st to *Unitie* incline,
 And *separate Bodies* can't so closely joyn,
 That *Two* grow into *One* by *Am'rous Twine*.

Though to a *Nymph Nature* all *Beauty* grants,
 She wants her chief *Reward*, if *Thee* she wants :

In *Thee* alone *Valour* and *Vertue* lyes,
And thou of *Beauty* art the only Prize :
Manhood by *Thee* alone is made compleat,
Which, without *Thee*, were but a fordid Cheat.
No sparkling *Gems*, nor yellow shining *Gold*,
Can to thy solid real Worth be told ;
Not the most sordid Miser would, to be,
Master of all the Wealth sunk in the Sea,
Or yet on shore, sell or dispose of Thee.
In vain, as Ornaments, such Toys are worn,
If thou as well do'st not the Man adorn :
Unlike those empty Trifles very much,
Thy *kind* increases by *productive Touch* ;
But they by using, still the more decay,
And with a frequent rubbing wear away.
With *Thee* is Credit, and Fidelitie,
And *Secrets* told are safely lodg'd in *Thee*.
Oh ! only true *Reward* of perfect *Love*,
To which thou do'st both kind and fruitfull prove :

To *Thee* both great things, and sublime give way,
And all thy mighty *Mandates* must obey.
All yield, and all submit without a Grief,
From the sweet Bondage wishing no Relief.
Thy angry *Wounds* are not so terrible,
But such as ev'n thy Friends desire to feel :
Ev'n that same *Wisdom*, which the *World* do's guide,
Declares her *self* of thy more equal side ;
And to thy Rule and Governance thinks fit,
That all its Force and Power should submit.

To *Thee* the trembling, conquer'd, yielding *Maid*,
Desiring that of which she seems *afraid* :
Prostrate falls down, just ready to receive (give.
Those gratefull *Wounds*, which thou prepar'dst to
And when broke up, she still, and silent lyes,
Sheds her glad *Blood*, and with the Pleasure dyes.
Mangled, some *Tears* she drops, but more do's smile,
And *stronger Joys* her *weaker Grievs* begulle.

Pleas'd with the sweet *Defeat*, she clings more close,
And hugs the *Conquerour* that gives the murth'ring
Soft easie ways thou do'st not always chuse, (Blows.
But sometimes acts of Force and Manhood use :
Thy toying Plays, and pretty gamesome Wiles,
Are sometimes mix't with more laborious *Toils*.
Oft Stratagems of *Wit* are your best course,
And sometimes you thrive best by down-right *Force*.
The cruel *Hearts* of Tyrants *fierce*, and *wild*,
Thou often canst convert to *kind*, and *mild* :
Ev'n thou the stubborn *God of War* canst move,
And melt, and soften into *gentle Love*.
Thou the enrag'd, and anger'd *Jove* canst charm,
And of his dreadfull *Thunder* quite disarm ;
Nay, after the bold Gyant's overthrow,
Could'st clear his clouded, and incens'd Brow.
The *hungry Tyger*, by thy strange Effects,
Grows *tame*, and the pursuit of Beasts neglects.
The *humble Lover*, courteous, meek, and mild,
By thee grows *fierce*, and, like a *Lyon*, wild.

Thy

Thy *Vertue*, and thy *Patience* wonders doe,
For all your *Victims* are belov'd by you ;
And when you conquer, you are conquer'd too.
Triumphs you scorn, but love the active *Fight*,
And more in *War* than *Conquest* you delight.
O'ercome, you re-assume new Strength, new Life,
With double *Courage* to renew the *Strife*.
And then the *Battle* thus again renew'd,
You only *fight* to be again *subdu'd*.
Short is thy *Rage*, but *Zeal* do's longer live,
And *Strength decay'd* do's very oft revive.
And though thy *Pow'r* to doe and act is done,
Yet thy *Good-will* and *Wishes* are not gone.

Thus she (as if she mourn'd the *Obsequies*
Of some dead *Friend*, as dear as her own Eyes)
Ended her long Complaint, and rose from me,
Abandon'd o'er to *Grief*, and *Miserie*.

ELEGY

ELEGY VI.

The ARGUMENT.

*This Elegy is nothing else but a Mournfull Conclusion
of all the Five foregoing ones.*

AT last, craz'd *Age*, thy babling Noise give o'er,
And leave to tamper with a fest'ring Sore:
In fruitless *Plaints*, fondly, you seek *Redress*;
The more you Mourn, the more your *Griefs* in- }
Nor is Repining the next way to *Ease*. (crease; }
Prithee be wise, for *Modesty* forbear,
In long *Harangues* more *Vices* to declare.
Let a *slight Hint* of thy great *Shame* suffice;
Sure now 'tis *Time*, if ever, to be *Wise*.
Crimes long insisted on, new *Strength* receive,
And do thereby into new *Crimes* revive.

Content

Content thy self, that thou at length shalt have

A lasting Rest within thy quiet Grave :

For all vain Mortals must resign their Breath

To *Time*, when e'er he calls, and march to *Death*.

All must tread that inevitable *Road*,

Though *Life* and *Death* meets all in diff'rent *Mode*.

Though some to *Want*, and some to *Plenty* live ;

Some soon grow *Wealthy*, some can never *thrive*.

So some in *Trouble* dye, and some in *State* ;

Some dye too soon, some timely, some too late,

And none can shun, or be exempted *Fate* : }

He none will either privilege or save,

But, undistinguish't, hurries all to th' *Grave* ;

There *Age* and *Infancy* together come,

And there they meet with *Youth* at his long home.

The *Rich* and *Poor* are both made equal there,

And there, alike, the *Prince* and *Peasant* fare, }

For *Death*, alas, is a meer *Leveller*.

There-

Therefore 'tis best that Journey soon to take,
Which unavoidably we once must make :
Nor is it Prudence to defer that thing,
Which strong Necessity of Force will bring.

But I, alas, the most unfortunate,
And most severely us'd by rig'rous Fate ;
My own sad Obsequies in vain would grieve,
Who still am *dying*, and am still *alive*.

FINIS.

